

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Kentucky.

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

VOL. III.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY NOVEMBER 18, 1887.

NO. 37.

ISAAC W. MAPEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
With practice in all the Courts of Wolfe,
Perry, and Monroe and Breathitt Counties.
This examined; abstracts furnished; taxes
paid for non-residents; real estate bought
and sold. Collections a specialty.

JOHN H. EVANS,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Examiner of Depositions
for Wolfe County,
Respectfully solicits the patronage of the
public, and will attend promptly to all busi-
ness entrusted to his care.

W. T. SWANSON,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Deputy County Court Clerk of Wolfe,
Will attend to all business entrusted to him
with promptness and dispatch.

J. J. C. BACK,

Attorney at Law,
JACKSON, KY.
Business attended to with promptness
and dispatch.

J. O. LYKINS,

County Attorney, Real Estate Agent
and Notary Public;
Practices in all Courts in Wolfe and Ad-
joining Counties, and Court of Appeals,
for Collections a Specialty.

CAMPBELL, WOLFE COUNTY, KY.

A. C. BAKER,

Attorney at Law,
JACKSON, KY.

D. R. J. A. TAULBEE,

Physician and Surgeon,
Jackson, Breathitt County,
KENTUCKY.

GEO. E. WHITE,
OF Elliott County,
Henry Knoefel & Co.,
210 W. Market St., LEXINGTON, KY.
Solicits the patronage of Eastern Kentucky
for Blank Books, Blanks, &c.

DAY HOUSE, HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Newly built and furnished.

The hotel and market affairs will be found
upon the table at all times, and the public
patronage is respectfully solicited. Guests
will have ice and coal to heat in the house
in the winter; electric lights in connection
is a fine stable for horses and sheep room
for vehicles, in charge of good hostler. Pasture
age for horses.

HORATIO TUTTLE, Lessee,
Mrs. LOE DAY, Matron.

COMBS HOUSE,

CAMPBELL, KY.
S. S. COMBS, Proprietor.

The patronage of the traveling public is
respectfully solicited. Teddy the best, and
every attention for the comfort of guests.

J. R. TUGGLE,
WITH
F. G. Ringgold & Co.,
"DODGE OF"
Boots and Shoes,
50 and 75c WEST PEARL STREET,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

WORKING CLASS! ATTENTION! We
have located a large number of
furnished all classes with employment at home,
the whole of the time or for their
various moments. Business new, light and profitable.
Persons of either sex easily earn from
\$10 to \$20 per week, and a comfortable
home. No devoting all their time to the
business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much
as men. That all who see this send me
their address, and I will do the same for them.
This offer is such as are not self satisfied
we will send one dollar to pay for the
trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit
Free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co.,
Portland, Maine.



I have located a
small pocket watch
will keep on
at \$1.00 a week
and have a fine
chain. I
will sell it
Clocks, Jewelry
and Watches. Also a line of fine Spec-
tacles and Eye-glasses. Will sell goods at
city prices and guarantee satisfaction. Re-
quested a specialty and work wanted.
Herschell, Asst.

R. F. CARL.

W. H. GILLIS,

WITH
MCCORD & AYDLOTT,
Wholesale Hatters,
No. 613 West Main St.,
Louisville, Ky.

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COOPER, HERNDON & FALLEN,

GENERAL

Hand : Agents,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Have the following property which they
will sell to suit all requirements. Desiring to
secure bargains will find it to their interest
to inspect the property. We will make trade of
it in large grass land. Write us.

100 acres of land fronting on Laurel Creek,
Wolfie County, 4½ miles from Hazel Green,
Good dwelling house and out buildings, well
watered, good timber, five apple orchard,
good veins, &c.

No. 2.—One two story dwelling built in
1850, containing six rooms, good out build-
ings, well of well-tilled land, fine
shrubbery and a fine assortment of fruit,
grapes, etc. The best garden in town, one
of the most desirable locations in the county.
Situated on the height leading to the celebrated Swango Springs,
about midway between the center of town
and the Springs.

No. 3.—313 acres of land on Lucy Creek 2
miles from Hazel Green, on hilly land,
well set with more and valuable
timber, and a fine assortment of fruit,
including oak, walnut, poplar, ash, &c., and
some fine quality of sandalwood.

No. 4.—100 acres of land south of Hazel Green,
fine farming land, 50 acres in cultivation, nearly all bottom land,
in good neighborhood and convenient to
schools and church.

No. 5.—100 acres of land 2 miles south
of Hazel Green, fine farming land, 50
acres in cultivation, nearly all bottom land,
in good neighborhood and convenient to
schools and church.

No. 6.—200 acres of land on Shadwell Rock, corner of
Lee Powell and Wolfe counties 10 miles
from Campbell, on the head waters of the
Grinding Block Fork of Red River. It is
entirely covered with a dense forest of pine,
poplar, oak, salient, Hickory and chestnut
timber. It is newly fenced and in cultivation.

No. 7.—94 acres of land, most of which
lies in the corporate limits of Hazel Green,
on the road leading from town to Swango
Springs, opposite No. 3, and is known as the Mrs.
Swango Spring tract. You can fall into
the stream descending low into Hazel Green.
It is newly fenced and in cultivation.

No. 8.—The house and lot in North
Hazel Green, near the community of the
dwelling, good new dwelling house with four
rooms, good outbuildings, garden, &c.

No. 9.—200 acres of land on Kentucky
Creek, and on Forest Creek, Breathitt County,
2 miles below Hazel Green, on the surveyed lines
of the Kentucky Union railroad, good
bottom land, well timbered, some timber, and
underwood with inexhaustable veins of
canal and bituminous coal.

No. 10.—About 87 acres of land on Lucy
Creek, 2 miles from Hazel Green, low and
bottom land, well timbered, some timber, and
underwood, good dwelling house and outbuildings,
apple orchard, one timber, and
watering hole and good young timber.

No. 11.—295 acres one mile southwest of
Hazel Green on Red River, coal bank 32 inches
thick, 230 acres of fine poplar, oak and
other timber, 57 acres in cultivation, 2 good
dwelling houses, good outbuildings, and
never failing water and good young timber.

No. 12.—50 acres on Gillmore Creek, 5
miles south of Hazel Green, coal and timber
and, dwelling, barn, orchard, &c.

No. 13.—165 acres on Gillmore Creek,
5 miles south of Hazel Green, barn and timber
and, dwelling, barn, orchard, &c.

No. 14.—100 acres on Lower Devil's Creek
in Wolfe County, south of Campbell, fine
bottom land, including white pine, poplar,
oak, &c.

No. 15.—About 160 acres on Gillmore Creek,
5 miles south of Hazel Green, fine bottom
land, including white pine, best quality
of split and bituminous coal, good dwelling,
barn and outbuildings, good lumber land.

No. 16.—70 acres on Gillmore Creek, 1½
miles south of Hazel Green, 15 acres good
bottom land, an apple orchard of 10 bearing
trees, good dwelling house and outbuildings,
good timber, and, dwelling, barn, orchard, &c.

No. 17.—113 acres on Devil's Creek, Wolfe
County, 3 miles southeast of Campbell, fine
bottom land, 7 feet thick, known as the Huber
coal bank, fine timber.

No. 18.—100 acres on Kentucky River at
the mouth of Huley Creek, in Wolfe and
Breathitt counties, fine coal developed, and
known as the Rose and Hollow coal banks,
fine timber.

No. 19.—100 acres on Kentucky River at
the mouth of Devil's Creek, Wolfe and
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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. KENTUCKY.

ALL'S WELL.

Fresh from thy life, my fine discourse
Foretold not what I now must tell to me.
Thy painter, Fancy, hath no force
To show how sweet it is to be!

THY WITCHING DREAM.

Art thou still here?
To match the fact still want the power?

THE PROMISE BRAVE.

From earth to grave
Life's end may begin in hour.

And when repeat, to be sweetly sent;

WHAT TO PLAIN?

Yet what to plain? I know not;
For wish is worsted, hope o'erpassed,

AND YE TO THANKS RETURN MY THOUGHT.

If I would pray,
The thought is gay.

But this, that God may be God still,
For Him to live

IS still to give.

And when the world with His will,

O wealth of life beyond all bound!

Eternity each moment given!

What plummey may the present sound?

WHO PROMISES A FUTURE HEAVEN?

The glib tongue, the smooth brow,
Oppressed, retired,

Blackest night or brightest day,

STILL POURS THE FLOOD.

Or, like the ocean,
And more than heaviest hills we see,

My wealth is common; I possess

NO Petty privy, but the whole;

What's mine alone is mine far less

THAT TRAVELERS SHARED BY EVERY SOUL.

Half a gill, a pound,
Millions or more,

Or values which the purse may hold,

BUT THIS DIVINE,

I have a secret, a secret
Whose greatness outweighs a planet's gold.

I have a state in every star,

IN EVEREY BEAM THAT FILLS THE DAY;

All hearts of men of my concern,

MY OWN ARMS, MY OWN CONVEY;

The fruits, the sun,
The sweet repites

OF THOUGHT TO THOUGHT AMONG MY GOLD;

THE BOOKS,

And speaking looks,

OF LOVE'S TALK AND FRIENDSHIP'S TRUST.

Life's youngest tides, joy-bringing, low,

FOR WHOM LIVES ABOVE ALL YEARS,

Who all-immortal makes the now,

AND ALL IS TAKEN IN MY S'ARROWS;

His life's a hymn

THE SERPENT,

MY BARK TO HEAR OR HELP TO SING;

AND THE BOUNDLESS WHOLE,

THE BOUNTY ALL DAY BRING.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith;

THE WEALTH I AM MOST THOU HEBEONS,

Richer and richer, breath by breath

IMMORTAL, IMMORTAL, RICHES!"

And all else all his

MISSING,

Life's purest, my fancy fair,

And draws my dream

In larger stream,

As morning drinks the morning star.

David A. Watson.

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[Copyright, 1887, by The A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.]

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

THREE WITH THE MUTINEERS.

At first, not a word passed between the three men standing there by the now useless wheel.

The place where the vessel had grounded was so near to the low coast of that part of the island that a man might easily have let himself down by the bows and waded ashore. The water astern was less than two fathoms, and it should rapidly rise to shore. The wind had ceased to roar that the helmsman of the vessel dropped overboard onto the bottom when her course was treacherously changed, and at least half her keel was fast in the clay. She lay motionless, slightly crouched over to the port side.

The sunless setting. In the brief lull that followed this first stunning blow of the mutineers, Captain Willis anxiously swept the horizon with his glass. The broad Bahama Channel was there before him, but the view was here and there cut off by islands. No sail was in sight.

We have said that at first no word was spoken by the Captain, Crawford or the mate. The scene described in the last chapter had passed almost in a flash; but its terrible meaning was perfectly understood. It needed no explanation from the mate to tell the others that Purvis had been murdered for the purpose of dislodging the viper whom the Captain had warmed and cherished to his own undoing.

Five minutes passed—dreadful minutes, that seemed like hours. Nothing was as yet stirring forward; not a man was to be seen. Crawford and the Captain grasped each his revolver; the mate had a heavy capstan-bar, which he had kept handy since the anchor was weighed. It was his pistol that Crawford had.

The situation was one to require no words, and hardly to allow of words.

They realized that a desperate death-grapple was at hand. Each quietly stood and served himself for it.

Probably the same anxious question occurred to each of them. They were to contend with four times their own number. They were to fight where death meant death! Was there shelter or

protection of which they could avail themselves?

The open deck was before them. As far as audibility there was no shelter save the boats slung at the sides and the slight coop over the cabin stairs. They were useless.

Once the Captain looked inquiringly at Crawford, and pointed down toward the cabin. Crawford shook his head. Without a word, each understood and consented. To seek the shelter of the cabin would be to put themselves at the mercy of the mutineers, like rats in a trap.

A man suddenly appeared above the deck from the forecastle—or rather, his head was at first elevated above it, and his hand waved a white hamkerchief.

"I've got a proposition to make to you, on the part of the crew. If you'll promise to come out with your pistols if I'll come out and talk with you."

The voice was that of Louis Hunter. Captain Willis heard it, and ground his teeth with rage.

"Come," was all he could say.

"But you won't shoot?"

"If you are brief—no."

Hunter reached the deck, and came hesitatingly aft.

"Halt!" the Captain cried, when he was about a rod away; "what'd ye want?"

"I'd like first to explain myself," said the renegade. "I'd like to have you understand that what I've done has been under compulsion, and only because I was threatened with death. I want to negotiate between you and the crew. I believe I can save your lives, at least, I know what they are willing to do. I'll befriend you if you'll let me!"

"You are an infamous bar, as well as a dounname traitor," the Captain exclaimed. "If ever a man would be justified in breaking his word, I should be now, with such a fieidish scoundrel as you are. I don't know what it is keeps me from putting a ball through you."

Hunter turned very pale, and fell back a step.

"But you are safe for the moment—what do you want?"

"The crew say they will have the ship. I suppose they want to plunder her; they know you have gold in your cabin. They couldn't agree about sailing her, or you'd all been killed in the night, and the ship taken down to the Isle of Pines. They say that if you'll give up your pistols, you shall be safely put ashore."

Captain Willis exchanged a few words with Crawford, while the mate continued his talk:

"I'd advise you to do it. You're likely to die, it is true; but I'll give you little good in close quarters. The crew are desperate; you need not look for the slightest quarter if you decline their terms. You may kill one or two of them; but your fate is certain. What do you say? Just hand over your pistols to me, and I'll tell them you have yielded."

"Answer him," the Captain said, in a low tone to Crawford. "I can't command myself to do it. I should certainly shoot him before I said words."

"Your terms are declined, sir," said Crawford. "We are all agreed that not the slightest trust can be placed in the crew—such as less in yourself. We expect to die; but we prefer to die like brave men, fighting our last fight, rather than give up our arms and be matched with them."

"Any of you that Captain Willis would give up his ship to a lot of mutineers while there was breath in his body, then you don't know the man. This sailor has lasted long enough; send him to the bottom. He'll be truculent, but he'll be truculent to the last."

"Blow more drink!" shouted the fellow who had taken the division upon himself. "More drink, and we'll divide."

In a few minutes a great bucketful of the fiery liquid was brought into the cabin, and each man took a draught from the tin dipper.

Then they crowded around the table. Their red eyes glared like the eyes of wild beasts. Their breath came thick and short, and their hands eagerly clutched the gold pieces that were one by one dealt around to them.

At such a time and under such conditions it needed but a spark to cause an explosion.

Two pieces were accidentally handled to one of the Cubans at once. Half a dozen voices demanded that one of them be given back. The man refused, with an oath; the negro who was making the distribution leaned over the table, seized him by the throat and plunged his knife into his heart.

In the scene that followed could be likened nothing but a raging hell. The table was overturned, and the gold was scattered to the corners of the cabin, while the human demons engorged to clutch it. They cut and thrust with their knives; they cursed and screamed; they rolled and fought upon the floor. Horrid gashes were given and received; blood gathered in pools upon the floor. The tumult was dreadful but brief. Some lay dead, others were overcome by exhaustion and the stupor of drunkenness. Silence presently prevailed.

The moon rose in plaid splendor upon that scene of horror and desolation. The wind had died away, leaving only the long swell of the sea. The bark lay groaned and motionless when the black moonbeams poured into the cabin and flooded the deck. Dead bodies were everywhere, and everywhere

brandishing his knife and shouting to the crew to come on. His towering form was the mark at which both platoons were aimed, and both carried true. He tumbled dead to the deck, with two hulls through his body.

With a frantic yell the three remaining negroes rushed aft, knives in hand, the others closely following. Once more the pistols were heard. One hull broke the arm of one of the Cubans, the other plowed an ugly gash in the cheek of one of the stowaways.

Nine to three the infurated mutineers leaped upon the little group by the wheel.

There was time for another shot; but both pistols missed fire.

At close quarters there was but three-quarters, but hopeless, struggling.

The mate, dealing a good blow with his bar, was struck to the heart by a knife.

Captain Willis, struggling to use his revolver again, was seized by the body from behind and thrust half a knife.

The cabin was filled with smoke.

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PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

THE END OF HOPE.

While this turn of strife and slaughter had been raging, the arch plotter of the mutiny was safely hidden down in the hold among the casks and bales. Deliberately calculating on the sure result of plunder and drink on the unbridled passions of the crew, and fearing lest the blind rage of some of them might be turned against himself, he kept hidden till all was quiet again. Then he cautiously ascended to the deck, and made his way forward.

The body of the mulatto lay sprawled out by the hatchway. That of Purvis lay near it. He stepped over them and passed on. Near the stern he paused and looked for a moment at the ghostly scene there disclosed. Captain Willis and the mate lay on their backs, their dead faces turned up to the sky; their cold hands lay upon their breasts. Henry lay upon his breast, his face resting on his folded arms.

Hunter descended the cabin-stairs. One of the bodies had fallen against the door, and continued pushing with his shoulders was necessary to open it. Inside, the horrid scene disclosed by the light of the moon, from which most men would have fled in affright, seemed to make hardly an impression upon him.

He had come for the small part of the Captain's gold that was there. He would have it, though every coin was wet with blood!

What was he? it might here be asked. A very field in human form—a man only in shape?

We can only say that nature does sometimes make such men as Louis Hunter. The depravity of a person's ancestry for generations past does at times seem to have descended to one common heir. The lust of gold that had been killed in this man's heart, the unfeeling of revenge upon a successful rival in love, had stimulated him to the engineering of the atrocious deeds that we have recorded; nor was his hellish record yet complete.

Inside the cabin he stepped briskly about it, scooping up the scattered gold of his victims and putting it into the canvas sacks. In his careful search for the coins he moved over the bodies, and one of the wounded men, feeling his hands, uttered a little groan and struggled for breath. His fingers clutched at the deck, driving him into the hull. He tore his coat from him, but did not bestow the attention to his wounds.

He paused a moment, looked at the three bodies lying near the wheel, and started forward. A thought struck him; he paused, and slowly returned.

Taking hold of the body of Henry Crawford by the shoulders, he rolled it over upon the deck.

A deep groan startled him. He fell back in a kind of panic.

The groan was repeated.

"Ah—you're not dead, my fine fellow," he soliloquized. "You might as well be."

Stooping down he opened the wounded man's vest. He saw that the congealed mass of blood had stopped the flow from the knife-wounds.

"But I hardly think you'll recover, my friend," he remarked, with a sardonic smile.

He thrust his hand into the insatiate vest-pocket, and drew forth the pistol. He opened the case and gazed at the smiling features. The malice of rage possessed him; he threw it down, stamped on it, and ground it to powder beneath his heel.

Crawford opened his eyes.

"Water," he feebly gasped.

Louis Hunter regarded him for a moment, then went forward, and soon returned with a puncheon of water. Raising the wounded man's head, he placed it to his lips. The long draught revived him; he partially raised himself upon his arm.

"Is it you?" he asked, as he saw Hunter standing by him. "I did not expect this from you. Thank you, perhaps I have wronged you in my thoughts."

"May be you'll be so good as to tell me what you have thought," said Hunter, with his habitual sneer.

"I thought you were linked with the mutineers, and worse than they. If I was wrong, pardon me."

"Well, sir, she didn't want to know how it was with you, shall I. It was I who contrived the whole business. Those crazy fellows who have been killing each other down below since they paid their respects to you and your friends—they had the heart for mutiny and murder, but they needed a lead, and I became the lead. I plotted every thing, as well as helped them execute and we're quite successful, as you see."

Crawford, faint and wounded as he was, seemed to be struck as never before with the extent of the man's depravity. He looked at him with horror and loathing.

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. KENTUCKY.

BEFORE DEATH.

How much would I care for it, could I know
That I am under the grass or snow
The ravished heart can't have a brief day
Folded and quietly laid away.
The spirit loose from mortal bars,
And sometimes away from the bars—
With me, and sometimes upon me, when—
Whatever might be his state or store,
Neither could help or harm him.

If, "midst of my toil, they had but thought
To stretch a finger, I would have caught
Hastily such aid, to lead me through
Some trials, and I had but thought
What was done, had but heard

The breath of applause, one cheering word—
One cry of "Hurrah!" could the stars,
So far as I had been with them—
How would it have served my soul to strain
Through the whirl of the coming surge again!

What use for the rope, if it be not hung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What will I do if a comin' single blast
Will sweep me away, and all is passed?
What need that the stirring sprang
When the ripples run beyond the boat?
What worth is victory's blankest breath
When itispered in ears that are dashed in
Death?

No! Not if you have but a word of cheer,
Speak it while I'm alive to hear!
—From Mrs. Franklin's "Colonial Ballads."

MRS. SMITH'S WAY.

Why She Thought She Could Never be a Missionary.

A Little Woman's Sorrow for Her Neighbors Who Were Daily Killing Themselves, and Who Would Not Hear Her Counsel.

One evening when Mr. Smith came home from work he found his wife sitting alone in their cozy parlor that always presented the same neat and tasteful appearance; some work had fallen idly in her lap while her chin rested on her hand and she had become so absorbed in thought that she heard not the opening of the door when he entered.

"And what has put my Brownie into such a brown study that she has neither eyes nor ears for things of time and sense?" inquired Mr. Smith after standing in the doorway for about two minutes watching his wife.

"Oh, Ned," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, starting up from her reverie, "I never could be a missionary, never."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Smith, seating himself beside his wife while a broad smile shone over his countenance; "I would be sorry to have you leave me here alone, I assure you, and I have no intention, myself, of going to some distant clime to work among the heathen."

"You will laugh at me if you will, you know, when I think of health in foreign lands of all sorts, but I do feel sorry for the people about us who are daily killing themselves."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Smith, "who is committing suicide now?"

"Our neighbor Mrs. Wilkins, and many others beside," soberly responded Mrs. Smith.

"Now you speak in riddles," said her husband. "I do not fathom the depth of your meaning."

"It is only this, Ned; I am saddened at the thought of people working and worrying over trifles."

"Why, Brownie, do you not think trifles make perfection? and perfection is no trifle."

"Ned, I wish you would be serious for once and listen to what I say."

Mr. Smith drew on a long face and said: "Now I am all serious attention with a mind wholly yours."

"A man should have a mind of his own," was the saucy retort.

The mischievous expression came again to Mr. Smith's eyes as he replied: "My mind is yours and you are mine; therefore my mind is my own. Now, Brownie, I am going to be sober as a judge and listen most absolutely while you relate the cause of your sudden attack of profound meditation."

"Well, this afternoon," began Mrs. Smith, "I was out calling on our neighbors and went first across the street to Mrs. Wilkins, and found that personage lying down completely exhausted from overwork. She does all her own work, and with large family that is no light task at the best. She is by nature a strong woman, energetic and industrious, priding herself on how much work she can do in a day. That, you know, is different from me, for I try to accomplish a good deal by doing just as little as I can."

"I understand just what a sensibly lazy wife I have," said Mr. Smith, with his face long drawn.

Brownie continued, "I had conceit enough to think myself able to instruct her in the way of doing, and to convince her of the truth that 'whatever might be better employed is idle.' Yesterday we put a large washing out on the line, and when I went over today we had just finished ironing a great pile of clothes, and was lying down from sheer exhaustion."

"And what was extraordinary in that?" asked Mr. Smith. "I have seen

my Brownie's white hands moving swiftly over the ironing-board."

"But my hands are not all hard and roughened by drudgery. I think my hands and head are the more easily kept clean by wearing gloves and cap when doing sweeping and such kinds of work."

"And perhaps Mrs. Wilkins isn't so fortunate in having a kind, considerate husband like Mrs. Brownie Smith."

"Of course not," was the emphatic answer, "and neither has Mr. Wilkins his son so awfully wise as Ned Smith has."

I esteem ourselves highly enough to be very self-satisfied, but that isn't doing good to any one else."

"Oh, you want to be out performing some sort of public work, ambitions to be a home missionary or something of the kind. I am becoming enlightened now," and the smile spread itself over his face again.

"I have had the thought of missionsing at home or anywhere else," reported Brownie, with some spirit; "but my afternoon's experience made me think what a difficult work missionaries had to do, and I never could have faith and patience to work it reform among people's prejudices. It does seem to me that good, practical sense is one of the great needs of the times. I am not so strong as Mrs. Wilkins, yet you have never seen me day after day exhausted by over-work. I manage my work while Mrs. Wilkins' work manages her; that is the difference."

"I told her that when I had a large ironing to do, I did not try to iron all in one day; and then such articles as sheets, tea towels and the coarse undergarments were only put smoothly through the clothes wringer, when washed, then thoroughly dried, folded and put away for use. I think they have a fresh, sweet, clean smell, that they lose by being dampened and ironed. But Mrs. Wilkins looked shocked at such procedures and said her conscience wouldn't rest easy if she left so much as a wrinkle upon every wrinkle ironed out of it, and then she couldn't feel comfortable until her work was all done up and out of the way. I wanted to say that I, too, would have a troublesome conscience if I daily injured my health by unnecessary work, but she looked so tired and careworn that I hadn't the heart to be cross with her, and so I talked about suspense until she was glad that I had come in, for it had livened her up a bit."

"Well, that gets me! The Kentucky man hasn't put in his mouth too, has he?" "Yes, he says to look out for the warmest October ever known and warns people against malaria and miasma."

"Why, great snakes, is that a fact? Then I suppose the Gover'ment's got something to say too?"

"Yes, they latest from the weather bureau is to look out for a heavy fall of snow, together with blizzards and cyclones, followed by clear weather and hot winds from the southwest."

"W'y, great thunder and blazin' if that ain't the most mixed-up mess I ever heard! Say! d'ye know they git worse 'n' worse every time I hear from 'em! It's gettin' so a fellow might 'onta' well not try to find out any thing bout the weather, but jes' take it as she comes! I tell you it's a howlin' good time for them weather sharks that they stay back in the States. If I ever caught one of em out here in Montanyey I'd make him think the thermometer was shoal'nt out the top like a volcano, an' that double 'n' twisted cyclones was rappin' up a greased pole! Good-by! Come down on the bottom an' camp with us to-night!" —F. H. Corinth, in *Chicago Tribune*.

Sufficient Proof.

Counsel.—(to witness) You say, madam, that you were a member of the household at the time of the defendant's birth?

Witness.—Yes, sir.

Counsel.—And were in the house at that time?

Witness.—Yes, sir.

Counsel.—You can swear to that positively? Remember, you are upon oath.

Witness.—Yes, sir.

Counsel.—(with a look at the jury)—What proof can you offer that you were present when the defendant was born?

Witness.—I'm his mother.—Puck.

Alphonse Dondeut, who spent the summer at his country seat, Champs-sur-Marne, near Paris, is reported to suffer greatly from nervousness and insomnia. He has withdrawn almost completely from the society of his friends, and seeks to forget his suffering in solitude and work. He has three new books under way, one novel, "L'Imperial," which is intended as a lively satire on the Academy; an historical story called "Ma Paradise," and an auto-biographic work entitled "Ma Dondeut," in which he will depict the disappointments of his literary career.

—*N.Y. Independent.*

—There are 10,548 more men than women in matrilobis.

will spend their time in useless labor, like stepping on a perpetual treadmill, always going but never getting to any real good that is to be enjoyed and done in the world. So few persons, it seems to me, economize their time and strength, so as to get the most out of their short lives and attain to the full extent of their capabilities of enjoyment and usefulness that I would think myself happy if I could but persuade a few individuals to adopt our beautifully simple way of living."

Mr. Smith looked kindly upon his wife and said: "Reforms move slowly, Brownie, and some, having seen our good works, may in time, be led to see and accept the beauty and good that is to be found in our way, and find in life more that is healthful, useful, and all the year round live in the enjoyment of a more jolly genial-heartedness. At any rate, example is said to be stronger than precept, and we need not make ourselves less happy because our neighbors may happen to persist in their way of enjoying all the discomforts they can find in life, while we find pleasure in all its comforts seemed to us by our way of doing." —*Phrenological Journal*.

WEATHER PROPHETS.

A Noble Texan's Comments on Their Ability and Truthfulness.

One day while going south on the trail, from Custer, Mont., we met in herd of four thousand or five thousand head of Texas cattle being driven through to the Northern Montana ranges. The foreman of the outfit, a long, lank Texan, read over and halfed us,

"Hello, stranger," he said, "did you see come down from the railroad?"

"Yes."

"Seen the papers lately, then I reckon?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice what kind of weather that Canadian prophet says we're going to have?"

"He predicts a great drought for the next six weeks."

"Does, hey? What does the Iowa man say?"

"He says to look out for heavy rains and floods all through the month."

"Gosh, that's enuff!" The Georgia man gon' any thing to say?"

"Predicts dry, cold weather with heavy frost, from the 2d to the 29th of March."

"Well, that gets me! The Kentucky man hasn't put in his mouth too, has he?"

"Yes, he says to look out for the warmest October ever known and warns people against malaria and miasma."

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TEMPERANCE.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

The Influence Wielded by the Rum Power Over Larger Cities Almost Unparalleled in Its Scope.

The gravest problem in municipal government is to secure honest and economical administration. Our great and rapidly growing cities are obliged to spend very large sums for public improvements of various kinds; and wherever public money is to be spent, there we may be sure we will find men anxious to have a hand in the business. For somehow there has grown up a false code of honesty in the public mind; the thief who steals outright from a private citizen is condemned and punished, while he who steals from the treasury through embezzlement, sharp practice in bidding, and other schemes unfortunately far too familiar, suffers no loss of social or financial standing.

The opportunities of many municipal office-holders to obtain profit out of office-holding has led dishonest and disreputable men to seek such positions with eagerness; and the saloon has been the most potent influence by which they could compass their wishes. The result has been that there is not one of the larger cities of the land but has become the victim of an organized scheme of public buildings, the paving of streets, and every other municipal improvement has been made to cost far more than it would, had it been done for a private individual; and our total municipal debt is many millions greater than it would otherwise be, on account of these wholesale stealings.

It has become common for men who are notoriously corrupt to seek and obtain office in our great cities. They do not appeal to the honest, respectable classes for their support; they know that this would be unavailing. But they turn to the saloons, and through their means control the ignorant and degraded, and the distinctly vicious classes of the community—classes whose numerical strength would not be so great were it not for the saloons themselves. Rum is the parent of poverty, ignorance, vice and degradation; and where the saloon flourishes most, there we find the greatest number of these dangerous classes.

The Rum Power has not been slow to recognize the power it thus yields in politics. The men who are rivals for the saloon support have contended and vied with the Rum Power to obtain place, until it has become fully cognizant that it can control municipal politics. And it has not been slow to make the most of this advantage. No man, as a rule, who is known to be an open opponent of the Rum Power, or an abominable municipal officer of any kind, has been able to defend himself in nomination in the community he is thrown into the polls. Hence men who in their hearts resent the tyranny are nevertheless compelled by their own political ambitions to keep silent, and even if they do not do the bidding of the Rum Power will not actively oppose it, knowing that the knell of their aspirations will be struck by the first show of opposition on their own part.

This has gone on until the dangers of this growing supremacy of the Rum Power has become clearly apparent. The saloonists and their allies have so centralized their power, and are so resolute of their strength, that in many of our cities they bid defiance to all law, wherever it may interfere with their schemes of profit and plunder. They are willing that all laws shall be strictly enforced except those which concern themselves. They regard themselves as a privileged class—as above and beyond all law. There is not a liquor law upon the statute books of any State or any city that they will not disregard. They feel secure in their law-breaking, because they know the power they hold in politics. The official who dares enforce the law against them will be driven from power at the next election. They feel themselves strong enough to stand against any law, and hence ignore whatever laws they may choose with impunity. They even have abrogated the Fourth Commandment, because Sunday is one of the best days in the whole week wherein to sell rum.

So universal is this disregard of law by the Rum Power, so fully is it recognized, that it has made an argument against the enactment of restrictive laws. The most oft-reiterated plea against restrictive laws is: "Oh, you can't enforce the law!" Things have come to a sad pass, indeed, in this land, when a class of the community has become so defiant that citizens give its lawlessness as a reason for the non-enactment of legislation!

The Rum Power is one of the two parties responsible for this state of things. The other is the people themselves. They have been playing the role of cowards in this struggle, and have allowed the infernal tyranny of the Rum Power full swing. It is time for an awakening, and we are glad to see the signs of its coming. The Rum

Power has gotten too arrogant. It has driven things with two high & a hand. A reaction is setting in rapidly against the domination of the saloon in politics. —*Teddy Blane.*

THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Its Terrible Effects on the Physical System of the Young.

The terrible effect of tobacco on the system of young persons is indicated in many significant ways. After exhaustive examination by both the French and the German Governments, they have become satisfied that as a matter of patriotism, politics and economy, it is necessary for them to suppress juvenile use of tobacco. Half they do rigorously, but not as a question of moral reform. How much more, then, should we grapple with the evil!

Let us remember that investigation of court record showed that of 700 male convicts in an American prison, 600 hundred were there for crimes committed under influence of liquor; and that five hundred of that 600 testified that use of tobacco was the beginning of their intemperate habit.

General Grant died from tobacco cancer, and Colfax from a heart disease induced by tobacco. A large number of the deaths from heart-disease are from what honest and able physicians pronounce "tobacco heart." During the last few years the refection of young men by life insurance companies, because of infinites from tobacco heart-disease, is not infrequent. The London *Lance* says: "No smoker can be a well man."

A question of "heredity," very many of the terrible nervous diseases of women spring from tobacco habits of their fathers.

Few fathers, even among those who smoke, would be willing to have their sons smoke. Yet, who can expect a boy not to smoke who has the smoking example of a father or teacher before him?

Fire hardly appeals in prairie grass so fast as the habit of smoking among small boys. In the hot live grass.

It is high time that in States where there is law against selling tobacco to boys, a lot of those guilty of so doing be vigorously punished. Let law and order societies, pushed on by the W. C. T. U., make themselves felt by the enemy, so as to be remembered.

In States where there are no such laws, let the same forces apply to smothering them, and then having them put through.

The man who sells a boy tobacco, or example helps him get the habit of using it, is an enemy to the race.

After twenty-five years' use of tobacco, the writer discontinued it, chiefly because he dare not run the risk of setting a bad example to the boys. He was so attached to the vise staff that his infatuation would have held him a prisoner in spite of dyspepsia and neuralgia and the other troubles which it brought upon him, but from which he has been relieved since quitting the quid, the cigar and the pipe. —*George May Powell, in the Quill.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

There are no corner groggeries on the road to prosperity.

The new Belgian liquor law makes it illegal to give credit for drink.

One way to abolish poverty is to deposit earnings in the savings bank instead of the saloon.—*N. Y. World.*

The United Kingdom Alliance has issued an appeal to the women of Great Britain to join in efforts to secure the abolition of the traffic in strong drink.

An annual ceremony in British Columbia is the pouring of a kg of whisky on the grass in the presence of the young Indians. The grass is killed, and the Indians are told by the Indians that they buy themselves liable to the same fate if they become addicted to drink.

Du Howe, in his report on the statistics of all the states in Massachusetts, states that the habits of three hundred Indians having been learned, one hundred and forty-five were found to be habitual drunkards, and a large per cent of the rest are the children of drunkards.

In the course of an address at a protest meeting near Newburg, N. Y., recently, Mrs. Emilie W. Burgess made the statement that while walking along West street, New York, she saw this sign in large letters in the window of a saloon: "For every boy who brings in ten other boys I will give as a reward a silver watch."

The superintendent of the Schenckkill Valley Division of the Reading road has issued an order forbidding the employees of the company, whether on or off duty, to drink liquor, and directing that any man who is reported to have been seen drinking even a single glass of beer or strong liquor shall be instantly dismissed. This is a good precedent for other railway companies, and will, it is believed, be carried out, as auspicious alike for the railway employees, the stockholders, and the general public. —*National Temperance Advocate.*

CURRENT ITEMS.

Sidewalks are slowly going out of fashion in England, and the man-fashion way of riding horses is being adopted by many of the ladies. Sidewalks have been in use since 1888.

The "peony walk" is a new expedient for killing time. The walker, standing at a street corner, flips up a cent. If it falls "heads" up he starts toward the right, and if it "tails" the direction is toward the left. At the next corner he flips again.

Finger bowls made of bleached lace were one of the quaint conceits of a dinner party the other night. The guests could not discover why the pretty things did not leak, but that was a secret of the ingenious hostess, and she wouldn't tell.—*Boston Herald*.

There are four couples in Killingworth, Conn., who were married in 1887, and three other couples are living in other places who were married in Killingworth in the same year. Twelve of the fourteen individuals are natives of that town. The ceremony in each instance was performed by the same minister.

Ondina Man—Having a county fair, eh? Illinois man—Yes, sir! Blazed and fisted fair ever held in Illinois. Why, I understand the crops in your section had been utterly ruined by the drought. Yet, but the drought was a blessing to the fair managers. Why, sir, the race track is as hard and smooth as marble.—*Omaha World*.

A leather strap two inches wide and eighteen long fastened to a hickory handle two feet long, with a string at the end by which the handle could be fastened to the wrist, was found between the log walls and the washboards of an old farm house near Monteagle, Ga., that is being torn down. It is an old-fashioned slave whip.

Eight railroads are now being built, all to converge at a place where a town has not yet been even laid off. Big Stone Gap is the name of this remarkable place. It is a great gap in the range of mountains dividing southwest Virginia and eastern Kentucky, and, of necessity, the railroads building in that direction must cross the mountains at that place.

These things are kept constantly in view, according to an advertisement, along with the other curiosities, at a Cincinnati dime museum: "Attractions which are not only amusing, but instructive as well. No features of an objectual or immoral nature. Vulgarity on the stage is constantly forbidden." And yet people are said to visit it.

A police patrol wagon in Baltimore was conveying a passenger to a station house when the rear axle snapped, and the box came down on the pavement with a crash. The passenger was sleeping when the mishap occurred, but it did not wake him. The noise of the crowd that gathered disturbed him, however, so that he awoke and turned over. From then he slept, while the wagon was piled up and the axle temporarily spliced, until it became necessary to tell the judge how he happened to take a drop too much.

Statistics show that the French suffer more from typhoid fever, the English from scarlet fever, the German from diphtheria, and the Austrian from cholera. The diseases of the lungs and air-passages being evidently fatal in New York also, is more particularly shown when we come to reflect on our mortality from pneumonia, which was 252 in '87, 190,500 in 1886.—*N. Y. Sun*.

A red horse which accumbs to a cyclone is dashed with blue.

Jan. birds are usually night hawks.

However deerish in spirit a hungry man may be, after eating pine he has an inward peace.—*Advertiser Advertiser*.

A safe place—digging—breaking one open.

FUN-GINT—The man who is forever punning—*Hutchell Times*.

What is the difference?—I leave a man at the door, and when I step in, the door itself? The self-same over the seas, and the same seas over the self.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

What is cracked out to be natural?

The favorite hymn of choruses electrifies—"I'm going home to glory."—*Review Transcriber*.

One of the dullest things apprehended from cremation used to be the inevitable incineration of family jars.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

There are more tails than legs in bear.

Trix's what I call—"lapping the light fainted toe," said the melancholy boy, as his blonde-haired sister fell over the rope he had stretched across the garden walk.—*Garden Mountaineer*.

It is foolish for a man to squander his last cent. Very non-sentimental.—*Washington Critic*.

The man who can buy the most with 25 cent is likely to come out ahead in the race of life. He gains on the quarter stretch.—*Baltimore Critic*.

Two men start out with the understanding that they are to get full pay for the work to be done.—*Advertiser*.

Two men start out with the understanding that they are to get full pay for the work to be done.—*Advertiser*.

Ely's Cream Balm
Gives relief at once and cures
COLD IN HEAD,
Catarrh and Hay Fever.
Not a Liquid or Ointment.
Apply Balm to each nostril.
ELY BROS. Greenfield, N. H.

Thousands of testimonies prove it merits.
Take a small quantity and rub it on the head.

"I have used it for 15 years and it has never failed me."

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

PUBLISHED BY SPENCER COOPER.

Subscription: \$1 a Year,
And Must Be Paid In Advance.

TIME TABLE Kentucky and South Atlantic Railway.

(Standard time, 22 minutes slower than Mt. Sterling time.)
No. 1 leaves Mt. Sterling at 7 A. M., arrives at Rothwell at 8:40 A. M.
No. 2 leaves Rothwell at 9 A. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 10:45 A. M.
No. 3 leaves Mt. Sterling at 1 P. M., arrives at Rothwell at 3:30 P. M.
No. 4 leaves Rothwell at 3:30 P. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 5:30 P. M.
No. 2 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11:05 A. M. and 1:57 P. M. trains on C. & O. railway to Lexington, Cincinnati and Louisville.
No. 3 connects at Mt. Sterling with 1:15 P. M. train on C. & O. from the East, and 1:30 P. M. train from Louisville and Cincinnati.
Interlocking county road car special leaves Rothwell at 7 A. M., arriving at Mt. Sterling at 7:30 A. M., arriving at Mt. Sterling at 9 A. M. returning—leaves Mt. Sterling at 3 P. M., arriving at Rothwell at 4:30 P. M.
Leaves Rothwell for Mt. Sterling at 5 P. M.
GEO. B. HARPER, Super.

EASTERN KENTUCKY.

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS ARE DOING.

Compiled by County Correspondents, and
Cut and Condensed from Our
Counties' newspapers.

MORGAN COUNTY.

[Special Correspondence.]

GRASSY CREEK, Nov. 11.—José Yocom and Henry Borders, of Monroe county were here last week and purchased 260 dozen eggs of Toliver and 140 dozen of Wheeler, for which they paid \$60 in cash.

J. T. Govedon, the jeweler, has just returned from Salyerville, and reports a good time and profitable trip.

MARRIED—On last Sunday near this place, Harry Ratliff to Miss — Davis, Rev. J. T. Govedon officiating.

Lindsey Lewis has been confined to his bed for three weeks, and at this writing is no better. He has fever.

W. S. Mannin is very low with flux. Rumor has it that there will be a wed-ding here next Thursday.

Wm. Higgs and Elizamah Proffit purchased a nice lot of chickens and eggs of J. F. Hendley, for which they paid a fair price.

Dr. Hinsley reports a great deal of sick-ness, and says he has more calls than he can respond to.

Rev. G. C. Ragan commenced a meet-ing here on last Sunday night, which is still in progress.

Rev. A. B. Stammer will preach at the Grassy church, near James R. Rose's on the third Sunday in this month.

J. B. Greer bought a nice yoke of oxen of Frank Williams, for which he paid a fair price.

J. H. Perkins has invented a rat trap that is perfect motion. It sets itself and catches the game every time. John says he intends to quit moonshining and turn his attention to rat traps.

ON THE WING.

GRASSY CREEK, November 13.—Rev. G. C. Ragan has just closed a protracted meeting at this place, which has been well attended.

Rev. H. H. Little preached at the Cas-ky school house on last Saturday and Sunday to a large audience.

J. H. Wheeler is getting up a nice lot of sheep which he will take to Mt. Ster-ling next Monday for sale.

The sick folks in this neighborhood are improving.

Corn in this vicinity is pretty well gathered, and is better than was anticipated, but will be scarce.

Robert Green and Alexander Toliver both walked up this morning and handed me a dollar each for THE HERALD one year. They say it is a good paper.

Alex. Toliver is a standing candidate for matrimony, and only wants one vote.

Rev. W. S. Muddox, from the head of Red River, was at this place today.

I will be able to send you a good list of subscribers in a few days. Success to THE HERALD.

ON THE WING.

EZEL, Nov. 14.—Rev. D. G. Combs is home again, and his report for this trip is forty-one additions to the church, or-ganised one church and two Sunday schools. When his work's year is done it will be the best ever done by any evan-gelist in this country.

Two drummers, Severs and Tuggle, were registered at the Pieratt House yesterday. There must be a severe toggle wherever they go.

Mrs. Miles Nickel, from West Liberty, was visiting in town the past week.

BORN—On the 10th, to the wife of S. S. Dennis, a girl.

Elmer Hays, who has been west for some time, dropped in among us Sunday wearing a grin as familiar as corn bread.

As the drought continues and water very scarce, and bad at that, there is much sickness through the country. Sev-

eral new cases of fever in the neighbor-hood.

Lindsey Lewis and little son, who have had fever for some time, are very low and it is thought will not recover.

Willie and S. L. Kash, who have been low with fever, are thought to be im-proving.

Misses Belle Adams and Nora Mapel, Rollie Kash and Charley Swango were visiting at this place Saturday, and re-turned to Hazel Green Sunday.

C. W. Horton, representing the Bird, Dew Hule nursery company, of Knox-ville, Tenn., was here Friday delivering trees. It was encouraging to see the hundreds of fruit trees carried off on that day, showing the increase of fruit-growing in this country.

We learn that Miss Emma Hutton, of Harrison county, who taught school at this place about two years ago, is married. Our young friend, Millard Dennis, had been piling up his affection for the dear girl, but the other lad out piled him. Millard says the disappointment was not large enough to make him a suit of sack-cloth and ashes, and he is still the most independent candidate for matrimony we ever met.

R. M. Pieratt has a stone walk laid in front of his dwelling.

Rev. D. G. Combs commenced a meet-ing here yesterday which may continue several days.

DIED—On the 8th inst., infant child of John Barker, BLOUNT.

BREATHITT COUNTY.

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